

"THAT WONDERFUL DRESS," He Cried, "HOW ON EARTH DID YOU EVER GET IT?"

"How do you like me, John?"

At his wife's half whispered question from the doorway John Marston looked up nervously from the magazine he had been trying to read. The moment he had long been dreading had come.

That evening they were going for the first time to a dinner dance at the fashionable Van Rensselaers. He remembered their joy when the invitation had arrived. For Van Rensselaer was a power in that business world which Marston had set forth to conquer; and the throwing open of the doors of his house to them meant recognition, the great man's aid in the battle for success—might even determine all Marston's future.

They could not afford not to go!

Yet how could they afford to go?

It would mean a new evening gown for Alice—and one that could hold its own with any woman's there. Well he knew what those other dresses would be—importations, the work of the Parisian geniuses of fashion, creations whose cost ran into four figures. Yet if they went his wife must look as well as any other guest. Van Rensselaer was fastidious, given to moods, despite all his wonderful business acumen almost absurdly swayed by appearances. If Alice's gown were dowdy, old-fashioned, below par, he would set the Marstons down as "second raters" and as a second rater he would never after deal with Marston in the world of work. Knowing Van Rensselaer, he knew this was inevitable—and might well be disastrous.

In view of the present slump in business, the high prices of everything, the payments due on their home, the kind of dress Mrs. Marston must have was not to be thought of. And so, he decided—they would not go!

But Alice had pleaded that she could make her old silk do. She would have it made over. So earnest had she been, so insistent, that at last, reluctantly, he had consented and the invitation had been accepted.

And ever since he had been tormented by doubt.

How would she look?

Now he was to know.

"How do you like me, John?" she asked again.

"Fine—" he began, for he had made up his mind that no matter what he thought he would say nothing to hurt her pride, weaken her confidence in herself.

"Fine—" he repeated. Then as his amazed gaze took in the radiant figure on the threshold he half leaped from his chair.

"That wonderful dress!" he cried. "How on earth did you ever get it?"

She walked toward him, slowly. Her gown was a beautiful shimmering thing of snowy white and gleaming silver. Quite plainly, even to the eyes of a man who knew no more about women's clothes than most men, it was a dress for which even the most reasonably priced modiste would charge many times more than the Marstons could afford. Finished artistry was in every line and curve of it. About it was no slightest suggestion of the amateur or the "home made."

It was instinct with that indefinable charm called "style."

In Marston's mind there was no longer anxiety as to how his wife would appear at the Van Rensselaers. But as she drew closer a greater and graver doubt took the place of the old.

Where had she gotten this dress?

She must have bought it! There had been no dressmakers about the house, that he knew. And often she had told him how difficult it was for her to work from patterns. Knowing the importance to him of accepting the invitation had she borrowed? Gone into debt? Sacrificed her Liberty Bonds—?

She read the thought in his eyes.

"I made it all myself, John," she said. "Every bit of it with my own hands—and a DELTOR Pattern."

"But I thought you said making a dress was the one thing you couldn't do," he stammered.

"I couldn't till now," she laughed, "but the DELTOR is something new. Really brand new, John! Any woman can understand them. Why, they're exactly like having a great dressmaker at your shoulder telling you step by step just what to do. You can't go wrong, John. They make everything from cutting to finishing as plain as A, B, C!"

"But the material—" he touched a silken fold. "Where did that come from?"

"I bought it," she said. "And here's another thing about those astonishing DELTOR patterns. They show you how to use every inch of the goods. There isn't the slightest waste. Why, John, they actually save more than a yard of material compared to the ordinary patterns. As a matter of fact this dress—new material and all—cost me less than it would have had the old silk remodelled!"

"But the style—the finish!" he exclaimed.

"That's the magic of the DELTOR," she smiled. "And the best of it is YOU CAN DO IT ALL YOURSELF!"

"Alice," he looked at her with adoring eyes. "You're a wonder! You've saved the day, all right. You'll not only be the best looking but the best dressed woman there to-night."

"I'm glad you think that about my being the best looking, John dear," she leaned toward him. "But if I am the best dressed—thank the DELTOR!"



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